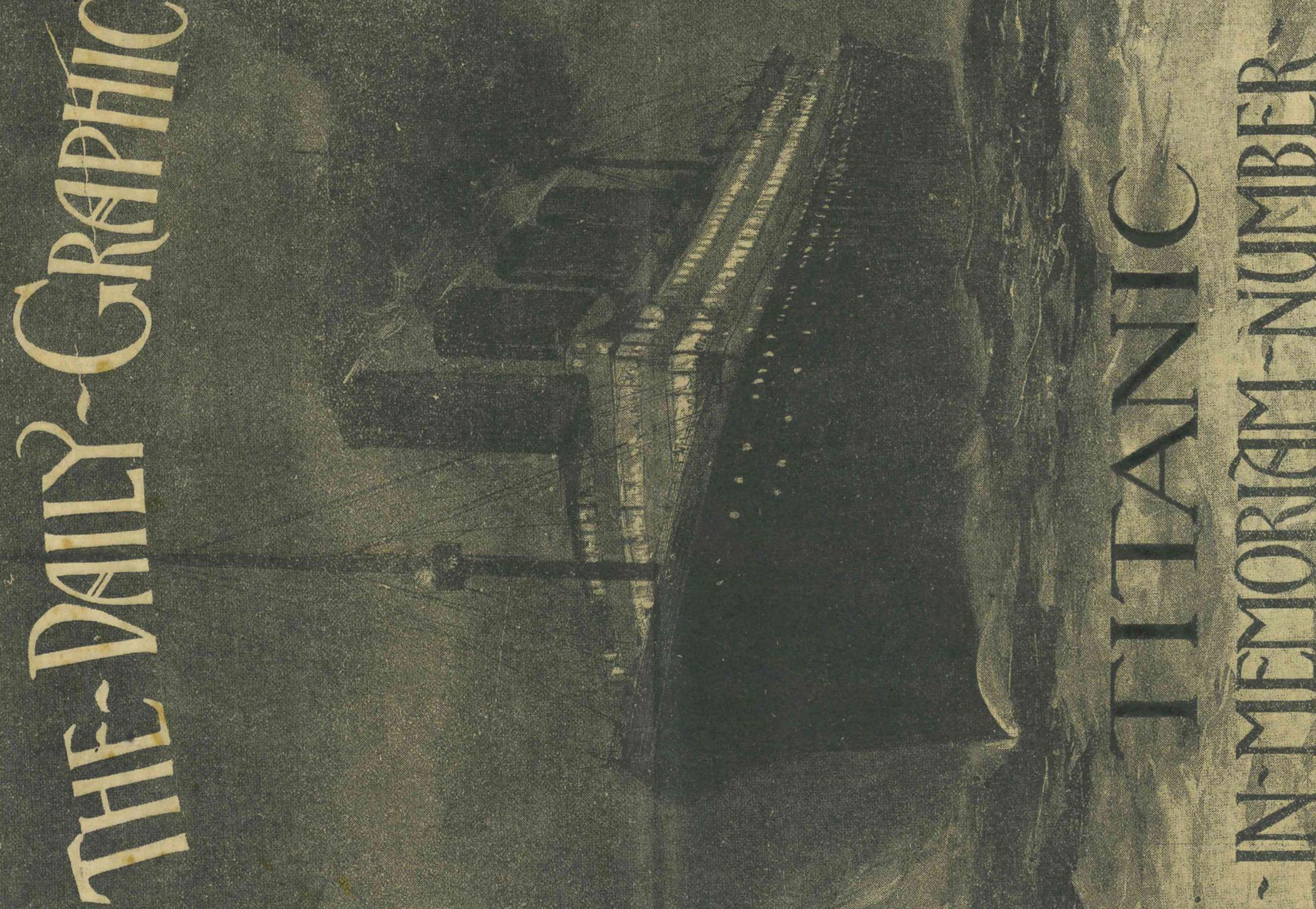


THE DAILY GRAPHIC



TITANIC IN MEMORY

ONE CENT

THE OCEAN GRAVE OF THE TITANIC.

LOST LINER'S TRAGEDY.

No element of tragedy seems to have failed to contribute its share to the overwhelming catastrophe of the Titanic. The forces of nature shook themselves free from the chains with which Man would bind them, burst in all their power from the limits in which he has sought to confine them, and dealt him a blow that has sent mourning through two nations. His last word in ship construction, equipped with every last device making for safety, or for aid in case of need, met at her maiden issue with the sea a challenge that broke her utterly and took her in tow with over twelve hundred of the lives she carried.

The magnitude of such a disaster leaves the mind as incapable of expressing the emotions aroused in it as its agencies were powerless to avert the catastrophe. For years we take our eager, heedless way, demanding more and more of life, increasingly impatient of its hindrances to our pleasure and our business, increasingly bold and cunning in overcoming them, and never pausing but to congratulate ourselves upon our triumphs. Every now and then comes some cataclysmic reminder that, if it is not possible to go too far and too fast, it is very possible to congratulate ourselves too well. For a brief moment we are brought to a full stop.

We trust the relatives of those who have perished may find some solace in the thought that though they have been called upon to suffer a grief almost unendurable to bear, they suffer it amidst that deepest sympathy which only when we are brought to face the realities of life can be aroused. For us, as for them, moreover, there is heartening thought in one thing that can be read into the disaster from the facts that have come to light. It is terribly clear that scenes of most dreadful horror must have taken place in the few hours between the Titanic's striking and her disappearance. And it is clear, from the fact that women and children form by far the greater majority of the saved, that in this dire emergency the impelled rose to supreme heights of courage and devotion. Millionaire and storage emigrant alike were called upon: alike they have presented us with that most inspiring of all spectacles—the inherent nobility of mankind.

The largest ship in the world went to sea from Southampton harbour on the tenth of April, 1912. People spoke of the tenth of April as a great day in the history of shipping, and they said this they gave utterance to a truth more awful than could be conceived by living man. It was a great day also in the history of Southampton, for many fathers of families had found employment on the Titanic, many women's faces were lightened because the shadow of need and poverty had been banished from their homes. It was a day that no one who stood upon the quayside will ever forget. We who saw it saw a sight that will be unforgettable until our eyes are turned to dust.

We saw the start of the mightiest vessel in the world upon her solitary and uncompleted voyage. She was named Titanic and she has been Titanic in her sorrow. We saw her, the mightiest, finest product of human brains in the matter of ships to sail the sea, a gigantic vessel that realised in her being a floating city of treasured glories, riches, and luxury, as she first ploughed the grey fields of the ocean.

And her dispeachment of water, the foam, and the rush of her passage, was so tremendous that the stern ropes of another mighty liner parted and the New York, but for the ready aid of holding tugs, would have swung out aimlessly into the fairway.

THE HAPPY START.

We paused in our cheering then, chilled to a sudden silence at this first evidence of the great ship's untested powers for evil as for good. And our cheering now is hushed into sobbing, for within a week of her majestic passage from Southampton Harbour, the displacement of the Titanic has been so tremendous that she has drenched the bosom of the world in an ocean of tears.

Those of us who had come to wish the vessel "Good speed"—in the dark wisdom of Providence to wish "God speed"—and "a fair journey" to those loved ones who were going out upon the longest and loneliest voyage in Eternity—were up "by times" on that pleasant Wednesday morning, long before the stroke of noon when we knew Captain Smith would climb into his lofty perch on the navigating bridge and give the order to "let go" from the Trafalgar landing stage.

The air was busy with chatter, with "good bye for the present" and good wishes. We lived that morning in an atmosphere of pride. All these happy-faced Southampton women were proud that their men had entered into service on the greatest vessel ever built by man. They prattled of the Titanic with a sort of suggestion of proprietorship. Rumours and legends and tales of her glories and luxuries and powers were babbled about in every street in Southampton. She was a caravan of marvels: a mighty treasure house of beauty and luxurious ease. In the phrase of the people, she was "the last word." The phrases of the people are often true, because they are double-edged.

Another phrase sticks now in the puzzle of a darkening mind: "They're breaking all records this time." And so they were. It had been determined that the Titanic should cross in luxury and

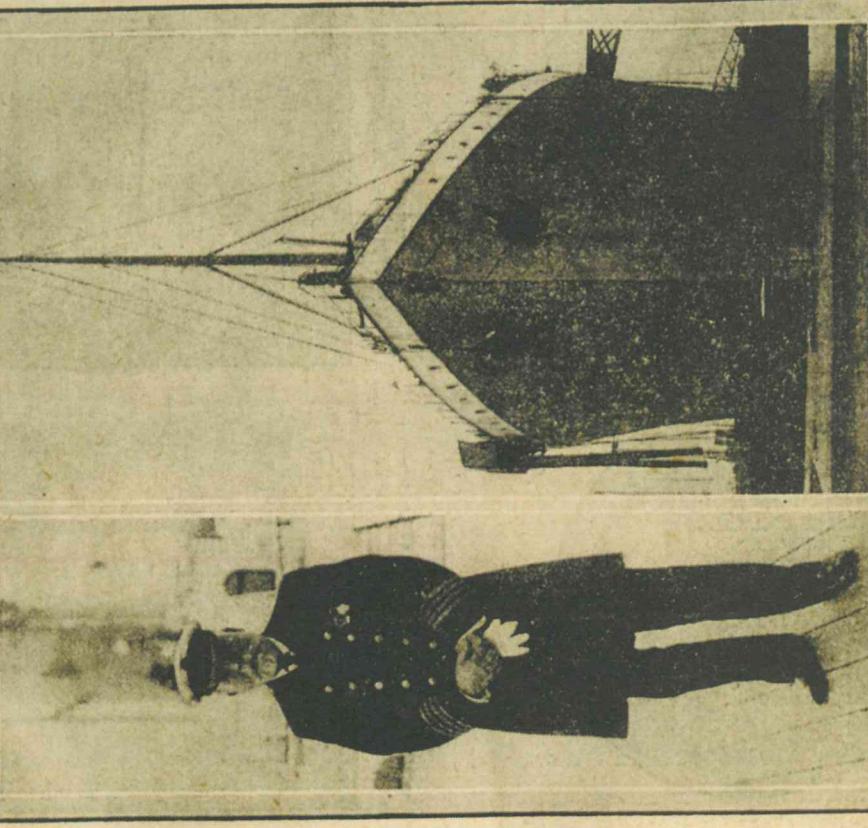
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THE COMMANDER OF THE TITANIC AND THE BOWS OF HIS SHIP.

The portrait of Captain Smith was taken on board the Titanic on the day of the vessel's departure from Southampton. He was in command of the Olympic, the Titanic's sister ship, when, on her maiden voyage, she collided with H.M.S. Hawke.

been an anachronism in this floating citadel of luxurious beauty. We examined the delicate glass and napery, the flowers and the fruit, the baths and the playing-courts, and the innumerable mechanical appliances that seemed to make personal effort or discomfort the only human impossibility on board.

There was one thing that no one looking even for a brief half-hour on this cushioned lap of luxury ever thought of giving a cursory glance or a thought. No one looked at the boats.

Punctually at noon Captain E. J. Smith, a typical figure of an English sailor as we knew him and imagined him in tougher, pre-Titanic days, took up his post of captainship on the navigating bridge. And as the bells sounded, the cheers of the multitudes went upward and hands and handkerchiefs were waved from quay and ship's side, and kisses were blown across and last familiar greetings exchanged.

So she went away with her human freight of two thousand two hundred and eight souls. We cheered to the last and waved our salutations, and that night I think there was not an unhappy woman in all Southampton. And to-night—when is to count the tear-stained faces of to-morrow?—when is to count the broken hearts, some over the travail of these broken hearts, some here, some two thousand miles away, but all united beyond the cleavage of the pitiless sea, by the sacred companionship of sorrow!

WHAT WE THOUGHT.—

So the Titanic went her away, and we went ours, and thought perhaps little about her, save thoughts of remembered joy in her strength and beauty, until on Tuesday morning came the news that smote upon our hearts with the thunder of doom. These were, of course, the first indefinite rumblings that woke fear in every human breast.

Six had struck an iceberg; she had been rent; but she was unbreakable. She was heading slowly for shore, a great giant wounded thing in wake of the Virginian. How our hopes died down until it seemed that the heart was burnt into a heap of dead cold ashes, only to rise, Phoenix-like, in jubilant and hopeful expectancy. Human life, have subdued out strange prayers before to-day, but what volume of prayer went up to heaven in thankfulness to the Lord of Hosts who had brought the new wonder of wireless telegraphy out of the slow womb of time.

We thought of that unforgettable message speeded through the wireless air that is marked upon the chart sheets S.O.S. We picked up the common phrase of the operator and repeated to ourselves: "Save Our Souls," and thanked Providence for their salvation. We pictured the scene. The lonely operator, composed with that old English valiance that has passed with the old, suddenly within the sphere of hearing away from their alighted course, and standing on the great adventure of succour and mercy. We pictured them racing along the railless roads of the open sea, rushing with insensate speed towards the spot of the catastrophe. We had leisure to imagine the scene, because we were told there had been a great deliverance; because we felt that man had fought his battle with the ocean and had won.

Then we knew that we had lost.

—AND WHAT WE LEARNT.

All the world knows how slowly those confessions of defeat came in upon us, how slowly the last flicker of an expiring hope was beaten down within our breasts, with what diritory hands the veil was drawn from the implacable face of doom. Gradually the fish laid hold upon us, gradually a realisation of what had happened sank into our souls.

We knew that nothing but a miserable residue of the great human freightage had been saved to us. We knew that the earthen floating Palace, conceived by the brain of man and wrought by his hands, with all its mighty scheme of luxurian ease, health, and comfort, lay somewhere tangled in an old sea forest, two miles beneath the quiet surface of the sea. Little more do we know as I write. We can only hear the sobbing of the women at the street corners of Southampton, and find in them an eternal echo of the cheers with which we sent the Titanic out on her first, her last, her only voyage.

We know that among these women are many mothers. We know with thankfulness that though their faces are dark with sorrow they are untouched by the lightness of shame. For though man has been beaten once again in his old fight with the sea, yet he has done one thing well. He has taken the last gift of God and used it well. He has died, as we all, would die—for others. Picturing that last dark awful moment, the last order of the captain, the last farewell, so different from those we exchanged as Southampton on—the last tears and the last high human courage, all our sorrow is tempered by the thought that the women are alive to us and the children, and that the men died as we would have had them die, as we should like to have died ourselves had God selected our hearts with a similar courage.

Knowing this, as we peer into the dark pictures of that yet unrecorded scene, so deep with human anguish and yet so lighted with human pride, we may learn to endure the sobbings of the women and the cries of the fatherless that come up to us in every straggle of the immemorial sea. Knowing this, we may take comfort in the great cry of a great poet in a sea-washed island that had born many poets, and acclaim with him that:—

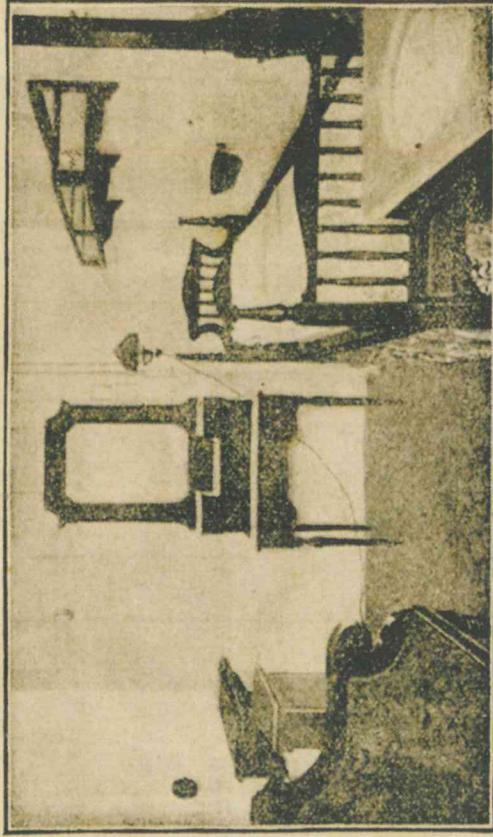
"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,

"Nor knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,

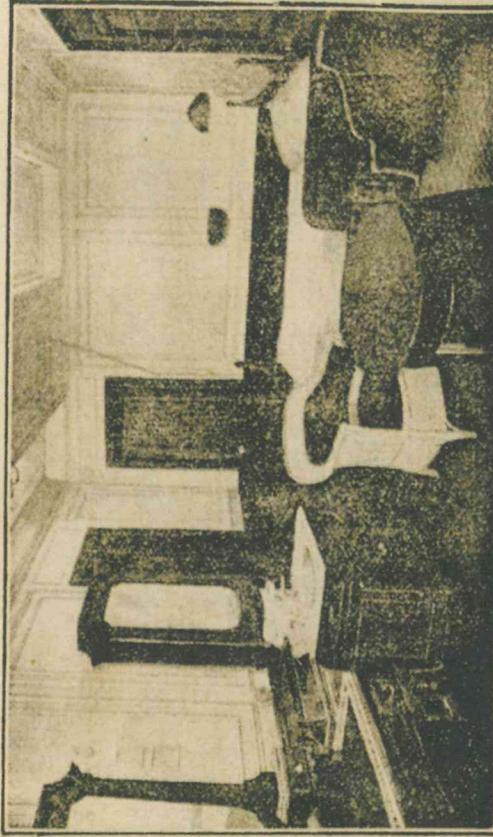
"Disprise or blame, nothing but well and fair,

"And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

FEATURES WHICH CONTRIBUTED TO THE SPLENDOURS OF THE TITANIC.



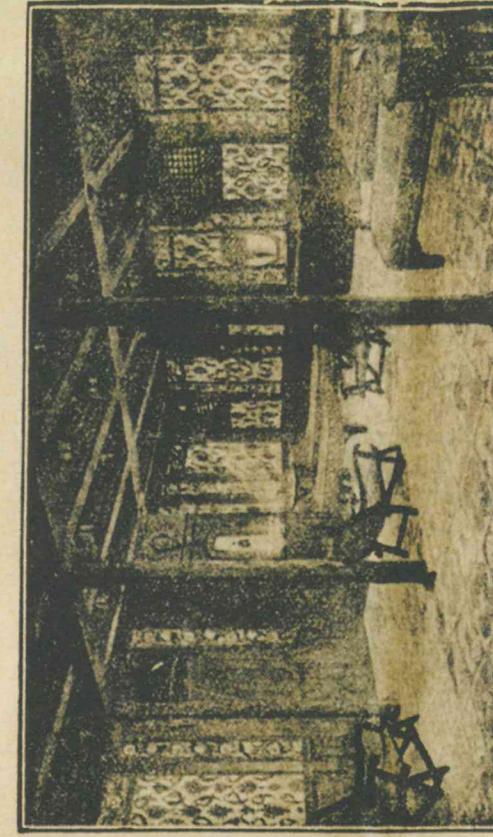
A SINGLE BERTH STATE-ROOM.



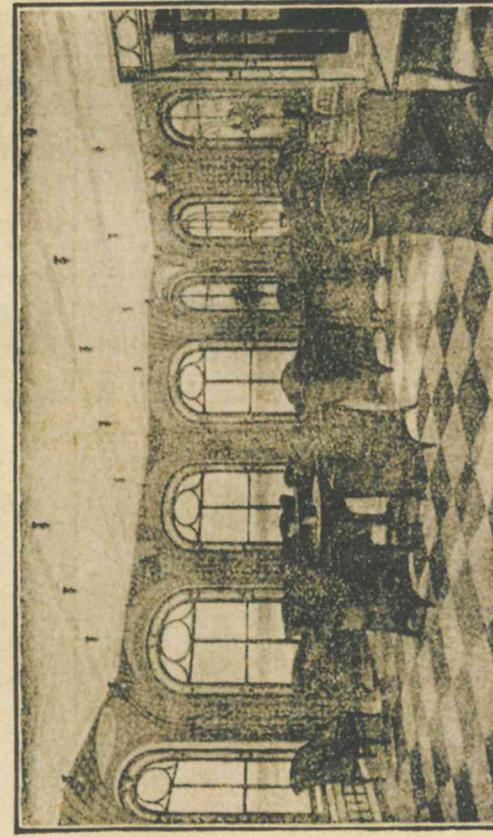
A DECK STATE ROOM.



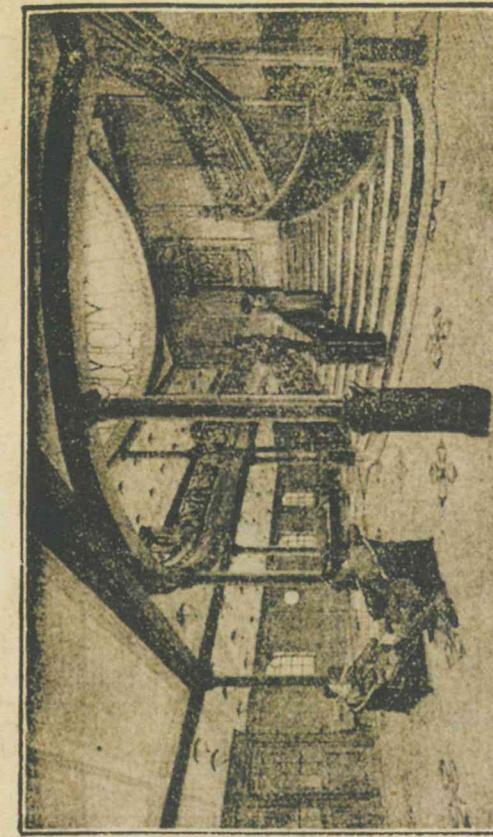
THE SWIMMING BATH, A POPULAR FEATURE WHICH IS POSSESSED BY VERY FEW VESSELS AFLOAT.



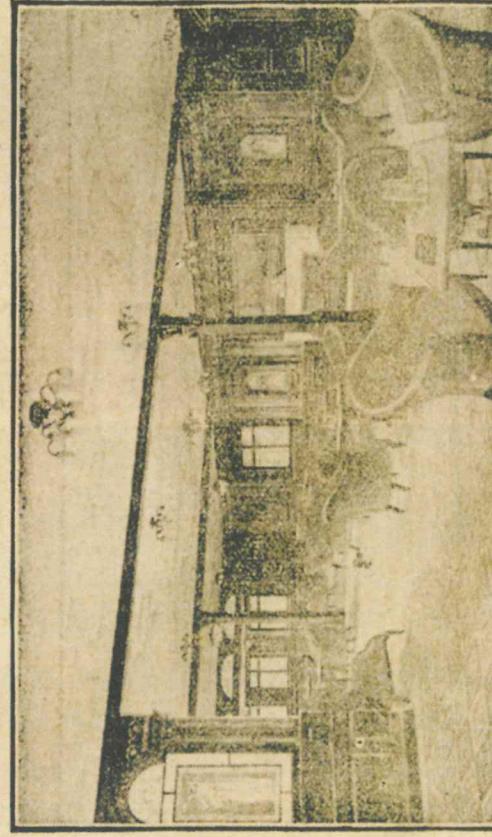
THE TURKISH BATH COOLING ROOM, WHICH, WITH ITS SUGGESTION OF THE "MYSTERIOUS EAST," IS ONE OF THE SHIP'S MOST INTERESTING ROOMS.



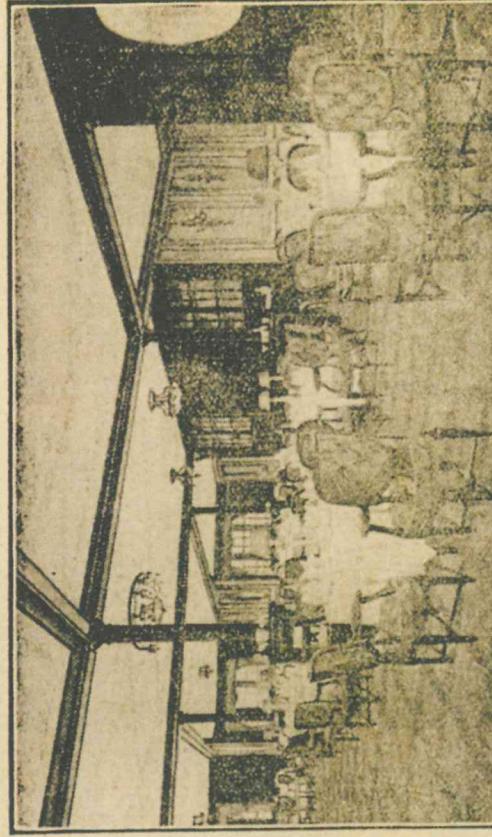
THE VERANDAH CAFE ADJOINING THE SMOKE ROOM. IT IS SURROUNDED BY GREEN TRELLIS-WORK, OVER WHICH GROW CLIMBING PLANTS.



THE MAIN STAIRCASE FROM THE GREAT HALL.—FROM THIS HALL LIFTS GO UP AND DOWN TO EVERY FLOOR OF THE SHIP.



THE GEORGIAN SMOKE ROOM, PANELLED IN THE FINEST MAHOGANY AND RELIEVED EVERYWHERE WITH MOTHER-O-PEARL INLAID WORK.



THE RESTAURANT, DECORATED IN LOUIS XVI STYLE, AND PANELLED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING IN FRENCH WALNUT.

THE OCEAN GRAVE OF THE TITANIC.

THE LINER DE LUXE.

SPLENDOUR THAT NOW LIES
IN THE DEPTHS.

A MILLION AND A HALF.
RESTAURANT, RACQUET COURT
AND PARISIAN CAFE.

Sister to the Olympic, the Titanic was the last word in ocean liners and the largest ship in the world. Her fittings were the most luxurious of any vessel afloat, including a restaurant, furnished in the Louis XVI. style, a reception-room of Jacobean style, and a squash racquet court. The Titanic's displacement was 46,323 tons, 1,094 tons more than that of the Olympic. She cost over a million and a half. She was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, and launched on May 31, 1911. Her building took over a year, and her fitting-out nearly another year. Some idea of the Titanic's enormous size may be gauged from the following figures:—

Total length	822ft. 9in.	Breadth	82ft.	Height from keel to navigating bridge	104ft.
Gross tonnage	45,000.				
Load draft	34ft.				
Indicated horsepower of reciprocating engines	50,000.				
Shaft horsepower of turbine engine	16,000.				
Speed, 21 knots.					
She carried ten decks, of which seven were passenger decks. The bridge deck extended over a length of 550ft. amidships, while the promenade and boat-decks were also over 500ft. long. For first-class passengers there were thirty suite rooms on the bridge deck, and thirty-nine on the shelter deck, so arranged that they could be let in groups to form suites, including boudoirs, with baths, etc., with communicating doors. In all, the first-class accommodation comprised nearly 370 rooms, 100 of which were single-berth rooms. The Titanic was a floating town with accommodation for a population of over 3,000 people, made up as follows:—					
Saloon passengers	750				
Second-class passengers	500				
Storage Passengers	1,100				
Crew	800				
Total	3,150				

ENORMOUS FOOD STORES.

To feed this community she carried the following stores:—

Fresh meat	15,000lb.	Bacon	1,000lb.
Fresh fish	11,000lb.	Coffee	2,200lb.
Bacon and ham	4,000lb.	Tea	100lb.
Indicated displacement	50,000 tons.	Sugar	10,000lb.
Shaft horsepower of turbine engine	16,000.	Poultry	1,140lb.
Speed, 21 knots.		Fruit	20 barrels.
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UNPARALLELED LUXURY.

Among the features of the Titanic may be mentioned the first-class promenades on the three top decks, which were exceptionally fine. In keeping with the public rooms were the large and beautiful first-class staterooms, perhaps the most striking of these being the suite rooms decorated in different styles and periods, including the following:—Louis Seize, Empire, Adams, Italian Renaissance, Louis Quinze, Louis Quatorze, Georgian, Regence, Queen Anne, Modern Dutch, Old Dutch. The second and third-class accommodation was also on a scale of unparalleled luxury for those classes.

The Titanic's special features were the two promenade deck suites, with private promenades about fifty feet long—an absolutely novel feature—and the open-air Parcian cafe which adjoined the restaurant. The rates for these two suites during the busy season was to be £270 each. The following is the official account of the Titanic's first-class dining saloon:—

"It is an immense room decorated in a style peculiarly English, reminiscent of early Jacobean times; but instead of the sombre oak of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is painted a soft, rich white, which, with the coved and richly-moulded ceiling and the spacious character of the apartment, would satisfy the most fastidious critic. The furniture is of oak designed to harmonise with its surroundings."

SURVIVORS' THRILLING STORIES.

"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE" PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA AS TITANIC SETTLED.

Mr. W. C. Chambers, one of the Titanic's survivors, interviewed by a Central News reporter, said the Titanic struck the iceberg head on. The passengers came running out on deck, but believing that the ship could not sink, and being assured that this was so by the liner's officers, they went back to their state-rooms again.

After about two hours, however, the alarm was sent round, and the passengers started to enter the lifeboats. There was nothing in the way of a panic at first, as everybody believed there were plenty of lifeboats to go around. After the lifeboat in which he was seated had gone about four hundred yards from the ship they saw the Titanic begin to settle down very quickly. It was then that there was a rush for the remaining boats, and one was swamped.

Mr. Stengel added that a number of men threw themselves into the sea when they saw that there was no chance of their reaching the boats. He himself dropped overboard, caught hold of the gunwale of a boat, and was pulled in because there were not enough sailors to handle her. In some of the boat's women were shrieking for their husbands, others were weeping, but many bravely took a turn with the oars.

Mr. Dickinson Bishop, of Detroit, Mich., said: "I was in my bed when the crash came. I got up and dressed quickly, but being assured that there was no danger I went back to bed. There

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SOME OF THE MISSING.

MEN FAMOUS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

Among those well-known passengers on the Titanic who have not been heard of are the following:—

Colonel John Jacob Astor.—Eldest son of Mr. William Astor, who had five children, four daughters and one son. His father was an uncle of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, and great-uncle of Major Archibald Butt.—Aide-de-Camp to President Taft, returning to Washington after visiting the Pope.

Mr. George D. Widener.—Well-known Philadelphia capitalist, and son of Peter A. Widener, who bought Islandard's "The Mill," for £160,000. Some of the exhibits in the London Museum, recently opened, were presented by Mrs. George Widener, who has been visiting London with her husband.

Mr. C. M. Hays.—President of the Grand Trunk Railway, and one of the best-known railroads in Canada. He, with Mr. Hays and Miss Hayes, both on board, Mr. Hays had recently been on a short visit to London. Mr. Hays had also been shipwrecked in the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. J. B. Thayer.—President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Rocking, millionaire president of John A. Rocking's Sons Company, iron and steel wire and wire-rope manufacturers. He directed the construction of Brooklyn Bridge.

Mr. W. T. S. Stead.

Jonkheer von Reuchlin.—Joint managing director of the Holland America Line. Mr. Frank D. Millet.—An American artist, who has a house at Broadway, Worcestershire. Mr. Isidor Straus.—Member of Congress. He lives in Broadway, New York, is a merchant, a member of the firm of L. Straus and Sons, and director of various banks.

Mr. C. H. Stengel.—New York stockbroker, who has been visiting Europe in connection with the purchase of American Embassy securities. Mr. J. Furello.—The noted story writer, author of "The Thinking Machine."

Mr. Christopher Head.—Former Mayor of Chelsea.

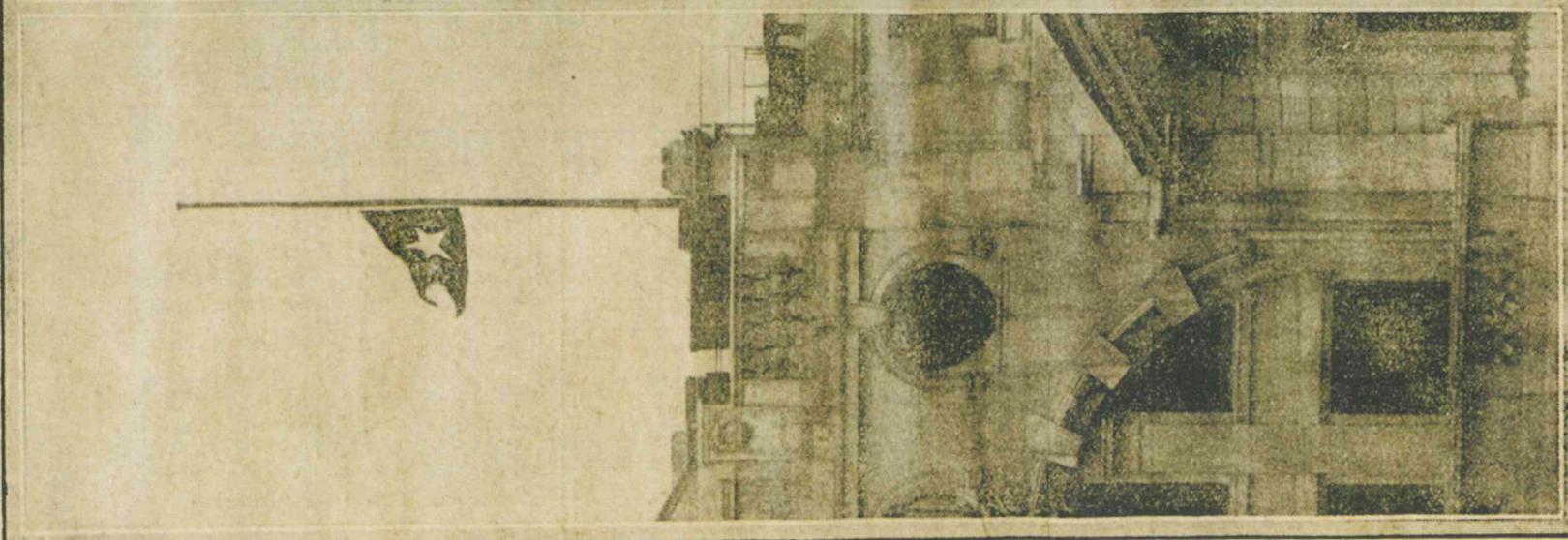
LADY DUFF-GORDON, COUNTESS OF ROTHSCHILD, WHITE STAR CHAIRMAN.

The Titanics saved include:—Lady Duff-Gordon—who carries on the famous firm of "Madame Lucie"—and her husband, Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon. They sailed incognito as Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

The Countess of Rothes.—On her way to New York to join her husband. They have planned a trip through the States to the West, returning via Canada. The Countess has been some months on the American Continent, as it is his intention to settle down there fruit farming.

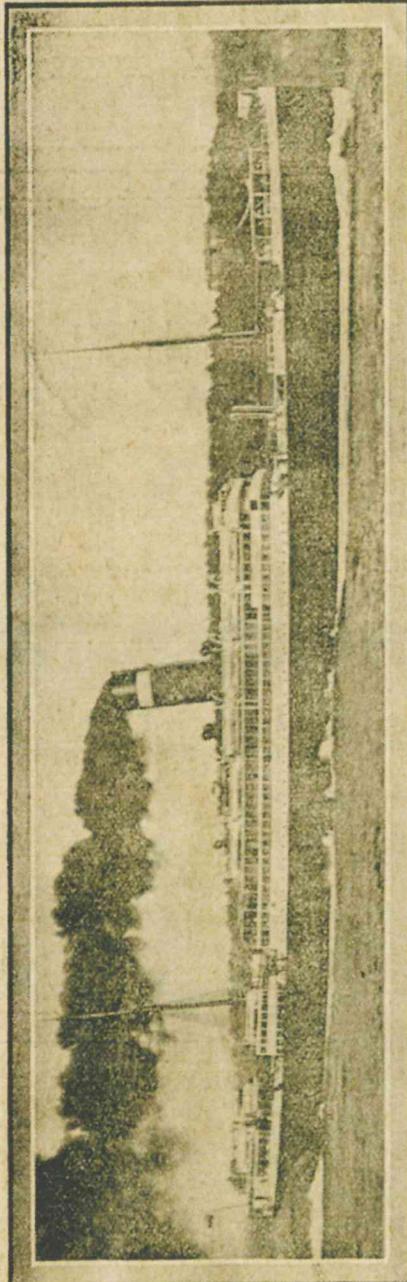
Mr. M. Ryerson.—Who was making the journey from England to attend the funeral of a daughter in Philadelphia.

Mr. J. B. Lomax.—Chairman and

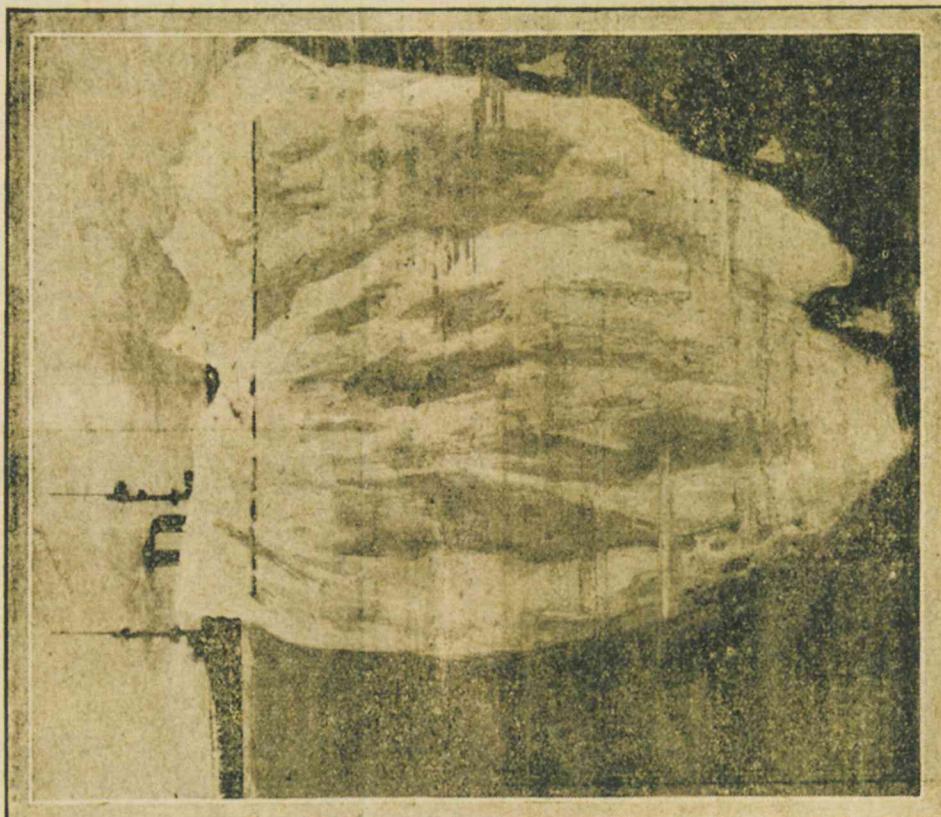


BREAKING THE NEWS OF THE TITANIC'S LOSS WITH OVER TWELVE HUNDRED LIVES TO LONDON.

Consternation reigned in London when the news of the Titanic's awful fate became known. All day long the City and West End offices of the White Star Company, over which the White Star Bag floated at half-mast, were besieged by anxious relations and friends of those who sailed.

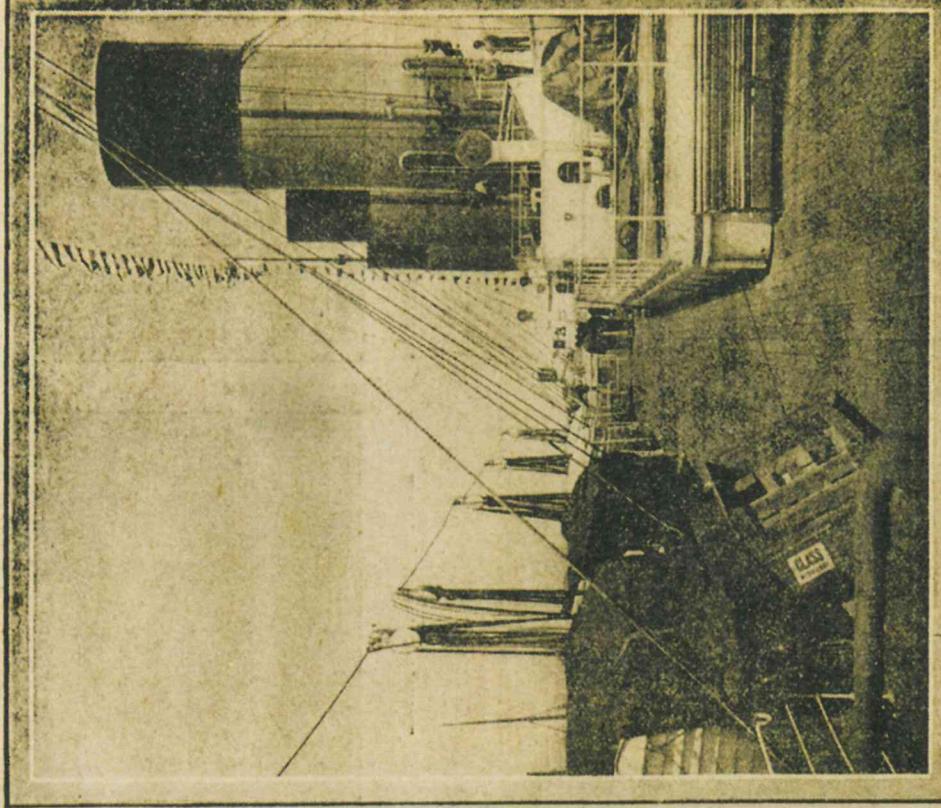


THE ALLAN LINER VIRGINIAN, THE FIRST VESSEL TO RECEIVE THE TITANIC'S WIRELESS MESSAGE OF DISTRESS. UNFORTUNATELY SHE ARRIVED TOO LATE TO BE OF SERVICE.



THE ICEBERG ABOVE AND BELOW THE WATER.

The iceberg is one of those dangers to shipping against which the ingenuity of man cannot guard. It often rises from 150 to 300 feet above the sea level, and seven or eight times as much lies under the surface of the water.



THE UPPER DECK OF THE TITANIC.

A view showing some of the lifeboats by which many of the survivors left the ship. Most of the boats were filled with women and children, and all these boats have been accounted for. (From "Daily Graphic" photograph.)

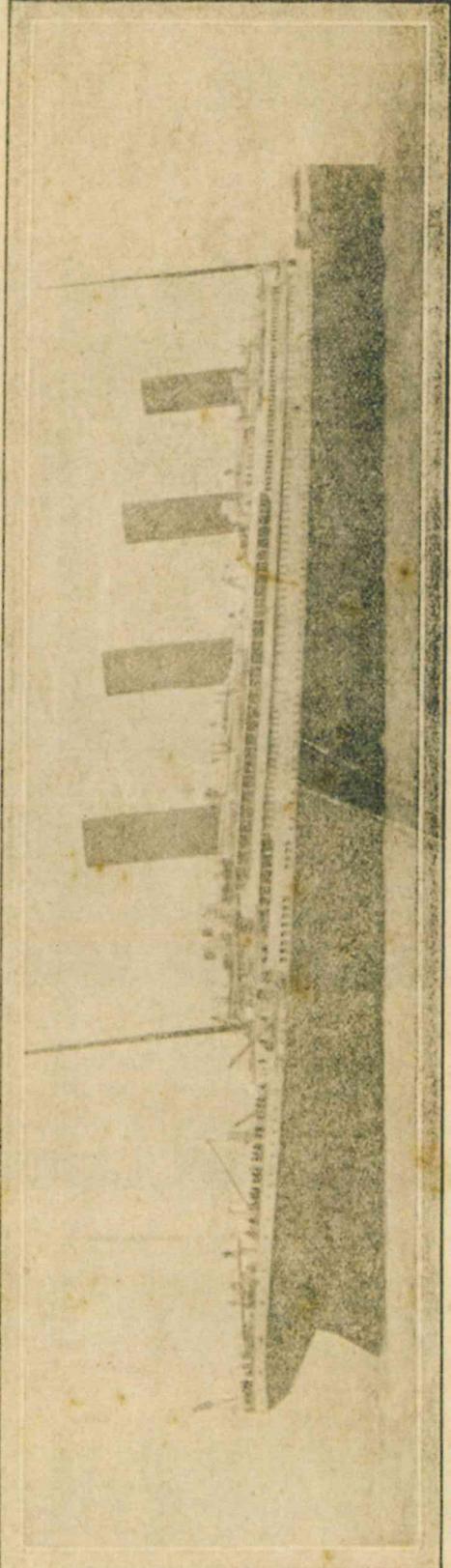


MANSION HOUSE FUND OPENED FOR THE WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF TITANIC SAILORS.

The Lord Mayor very promptly opened a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of the widows and orphans of those sailors of the Titanic who have gone down in the ship. In this picture

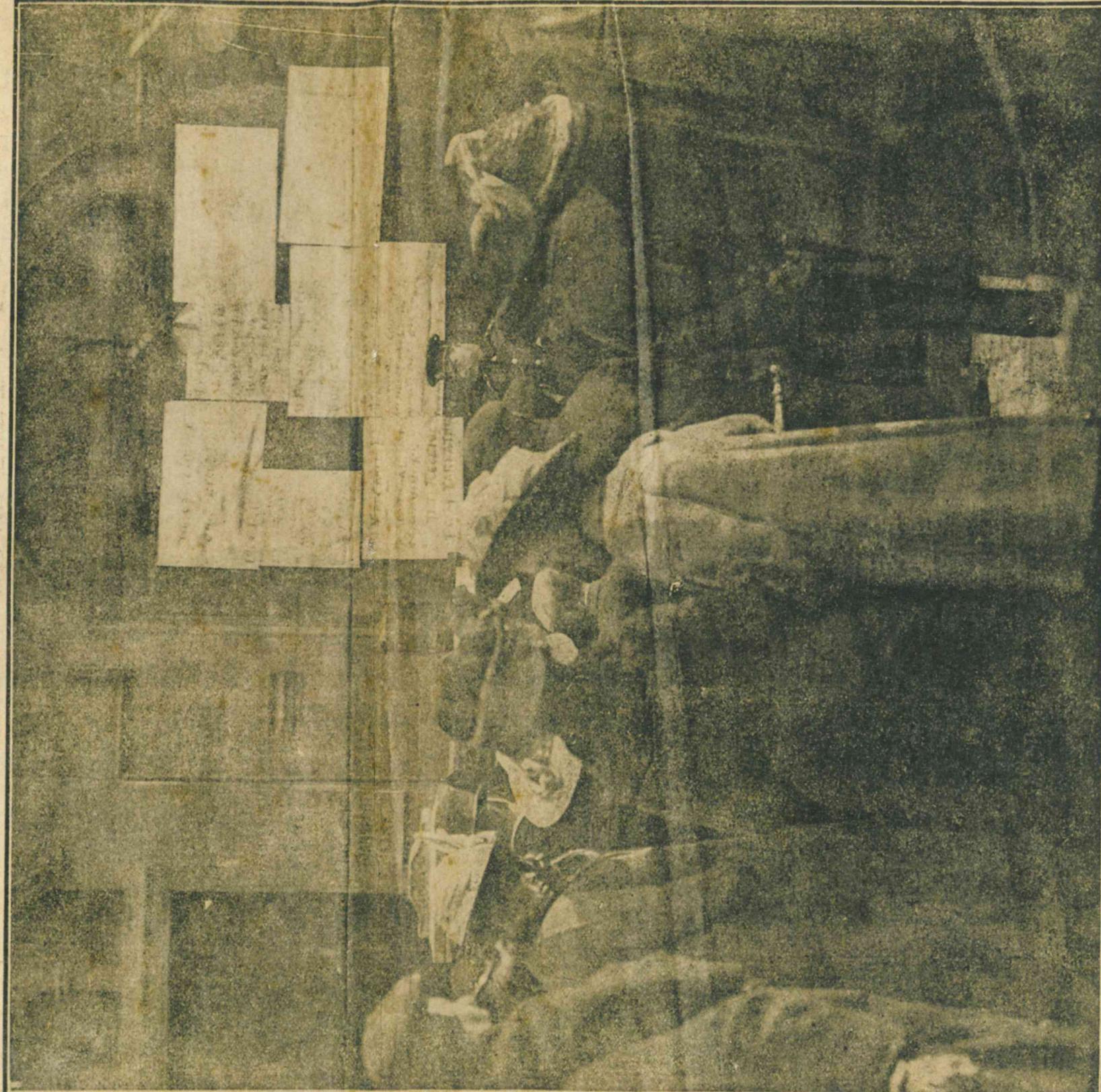
the Lord Mayor's servants are seen fixing a public collecting box outside the Mansion House.

The King and Queen, and Queen Alexandra were among the first to send donations to the fund.



THE TITANIC'S PASSENGERS TAKING THEIR LAST LOOK AT HOME.

A photograph taken as the boat was leaving Southampton on April 16th, showing, on the deck, some of the passengers who are probably among the missing.



THE SCENE ROUND THE FATEFUL BOARD AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The board erected by the White Star Company outside their Southampton offices was watched day after day by the crowd of grief-stricken wives and other relatives of the Titanic's crew. One list of members of the crew known to be on the Carpathia was posted, but it only contained about half a dozen names.

("Daily Graphic" photograph.)

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